

MAINE FARMER AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM NOYES.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptation of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

Hired Help.

Those who are under the necessity of hiring hands to help them carry on the business of their farms, will at once acknowledge the justice of Mr. Burman's remarks on this subject, in another column. There are many difficulties attending a reform in this matter, as all, who have had but even a little experience in it, can well affirm. There are two troubles in the way. One of them natural, the other artificial, or rather educational.

The natural cause is this;—as our correspondent remarks, land is abundant and cheap, and the facilities for young men of talents and industry to commence business for themselves, even with no other capital than their industry and talent, are so great, that a majority of them "set up for themselves" as soon as they are discharged from parental authority. Hence, those who would make valuable hands to hire, upon whom dependence could be placed, and with whom it would be a pleasure to associate in the various labors of the farm, are out of the market, and in fact employers themselves, instead of seeking employment of others. The other cause must be attributed to the defects of education. As a worthy old friend once remarked to us, our young men are "*too knowy*." They know too much of things that they ought never to have learned, and too little of things that ought to be deeply implanted in their minds.

In the first place, there is a very mistaken notion prevalent respecting the meaning of the word "independence." Too many of our young men consider that independence consists in a dogged indifference to the interest of their employer—in a self important demeanor—a disrespectful manner of bearing and expression to their elders, and even in a want of cordial good breeding in their intercourse with their equals. It is rare, now a days, that we find that faithfulness, that quiet love of subordination to employers—that desire to do right, by trying to do as far as possible, exactly as the employer wishes; and that moral rectitude which prompts one to live up to his contract, when he finds or thinks he can find a pecuniary advantage in breaking it, that used, in former days to be more prevalent. It is a most miserable state of things and should be forthwith reformed. There should always be a feeling of mutual interest between the employer and the employed. There is nothing in the nature of the connection that need put one in opposition to the other. Nor is there any thing degrading in being a hired man and in subjection, for the time being, to the control or orders of another. On the contrary it is a post of honor, for no man is ever hired without confidence being placed in him, and property put into his hands for him to watch over and guard and use to the advantage of the owner. He is, to a greater or less extent, a steward, and should feel the responsibility of his trust. No matter if it be in a humble sphere, he may be not the less useful and honorable. A pin is not so large as a beam, nor does it make so much show, or fill so large a space, and yet it may be indispensable in the frame, and instrumental in holding it together and preserving it from destruction. So in the social relations, every one has a duty to perform, and a proper place to fill, and the greatest honor in reality belongs to him who does it best. As the poet has well said,

Honor and shame no condition rise,

Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Parents cannot so strongly impress this upon their children and apprentices, and hired persons cannot too faithfully examine their own hearts, and check any lurking of that false pride, that spurious independence which leads one to be contentious and sassy, and unfaithful, and to imagine themselves to good to labor, and to imitate the idea that "*the world owes them a living*," as many too often say. On the other hand, those who hire others should be both watchful and kind. Watchful over themselves and others, that no injustice be done—and kind to all over whom they have control, that no cause of complaint may arise on the score of rights trampled upon, or necessities and comforts withheld. While upon this subject it will be well to mention a source of much trouble, which ought not to exist. It is the unaccountable propensity there is in some, to meddle with their neighbors' business, and to sow the seeds of discord among "hired hands." We have called this unaccountable, perhaps in some instances it can be very easily accounted for. We have known instances like this. A person is rather unlucky in hiring. Finds that his help is not exactly such as he wants, but that of his neighbor is. Now if he can whisper mischief in his ear in regard to his neighbor, and offer a little more, he can obtain that very person himself. It is contemptibly mean to do, but it is too often done.

Labor.

MR. HOLMES:—A word or two if you please with regard to labor, this being a subject in which we are all interested, more especially such of us who are obliged to hire and pay money for all our farming operations.

As one of the latter class, permit me to offer a few remarks, however imperfect they may be conveyed. It has often occurred to me, that we are subjected to many inconveniences not exactly in accordance with the strict principles of reciprocity.—Some of the causes which operate to produce these inequalities, are such as are experienced by no other country on the globe. Here land is plenty and cheap, and people (i. e. labor) scarce and high, with a tendency in all our institutions to encourage individual enterprise, each and every man feeling himself a little king; the Government not standing in his way, as in the more despotic countries of Europe. Far be it from me Sir to indulge even in a remote wish, to consider the men we employ on our farms in the light of menial servants, or to treat them as such.

I would rather advocate a policy and practice for them to pursue, which would place them on a footing of equality with their employers, so that they may be encouraged to adopt the same rules, when the practice is reversed with them and they act in the capacity of employers. That laborers have not unfrequently cause and just cause of complaint, I am not prepared to dispute—such as a disposition on the part of their employers to over-task them—requiring them to labor at unreasonable hours or in inclement weather—irregular and scanty meals &c. But on the other hand, I am convinced by past experience and observation, that there is a looseness of principle, among a large portion of the men we employ—a disposition on their part to disregard those great moral duties which they owe to their employers—that he is not disposed at all times to regulate his labor and square all his actions with reference to that golden precept which says "do unto others as you would they should do unto you"—that the interest of his employer is not identified, but at variance with his; he seems to forget that there are duties and obligations which either party are morally bound scrupulously to observe and fulfill, for the contract is either written or implied, that one party with his money, the product of labor, the other with his labor, the legitimate source of money, that each should act in perfect good faith upon broad and reciprocal principles. But it really seems now-a-day, that the employer can hardly make a suggestion to his hired man by way of improvement on the course he is pursuing, or are at variance in the least with his plans and practice, without being met with the eternal retort "if you *are* satisfied I'm ready to quit," and ten to one to use a sporting phrase, if he does not show a clean pair of heels, muttering and looking back as if he had been unsuccessful in collecting a quarters rent. Some there are of a more phlegmatic cast, whose highest ambition would only prompt them to suggest to their employers (Diogenes like) to stand out of the sun, or wish the planet beneath the western horizon—while others are gorged so low in their moral sentiments, that they seem like mere machines, requiring to be set like mill saws, which being driven through the logs, must be set again. Now these things are perplexing and call loudly for "reform," they are discouraging, and well nigh drive us to adopt literally (as a means of self preservation) the old couplet which says that

*"He that by the plough would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive."*

These with some minor concurring drawbacks, stand hard upon the heels of our farming profits in Maine, and doubtless have the effect in no small degree in discouraging this honorable calling. Do not for a moment suppose Sir, that I have more than my share of these troubles, for such is not the fact, yet I am free to confess that I have "many a time, and oft been called upon to exercise the grace of patience. Now as I understand the cause and source of this condition of society, it may be mainly attributed and can be clearly traced to a radical defect in education, not so much in the schoolastic as in the domestic relations of life, for in these modern days of degeneracy, the boy at fifteen has got the "old man" under pretty good subjection and at eighteen "the world is all before him," having by letters patent purchased his freedom, and proclamation of the fact is made in some one of the public prints of the day, so that he is now "on hand" ready to do the business up in regular shape and walk into the sciences like a duck to a dough dish, and test the effect of an education which permitted him to mouse over the fields at pleasure, returning perhaps at twilight with a woodchuck or a rooster under his arm. This is not the way and manner boys were raised in old Massachusetts. There twenty one years suffice to complete the term of their pilgrimage at the homestead, a bean porridge fare, woolen shirts, pepper and salt frocks with trousers to match, *method in business*, were what those strong men were accustomed to, who once graced Bunker Hill. These few remarks you will perceive are crude and desultory, they are made partly with the view that you will point out some remedy for the evils arising from faithless labor; returning perhaps at twilight with a woodchuck or a rooster under his arm. This is not the way and manner boys were raised in old Massachusetts. There twenty one years suffice to complete the term of their pilgrimage at the homestead, a bean porridge fare, woolen shirts, pepper and salt frocks with trousers to match, *method in business*, were what those strong men were accustomed to, who once graced Bunker Hill. These few remarks you will perceive are crude and desultory, they are made partly with the view that you will point out some remedy for the evils arising from faithless labor; for one I can see none, unless it be a reform in domestic or home education, or in time which will set the scions of population—overshadow the land with a forest of people, and create as it inevitably will, greater distinctions in society.

HENRY BUTMAN.

Dixmont, March 28, 1842.

A Silk Manual Proposed.

MR. HOLMES:—I have had it on my mind to publish a manual, on the culture of silk. I am satisfied that the works of foreign writers, are by no means suited to the peculiarities of this country, and especially this State, nor to the customs of our people, and are rather calculated to discourage than

instruct our farmers. I see no more difficulty in cultivating the mulberry tree than any other fruit tree, and the art of raising silk worms seems to reduce itself to a few rules easy of observance. The reeling process which by some has been considered the most intricate part, is now greatly simplified by a late discovery of mine, in the use of a Thermometer. Immerse the Thermometer in the pan of water where the cocoons are running, and ascertain the degree of heat required, and by the help of this instrument you will be able to keep the water at an even temperature greatly to the advantage of the reeling process, &c.

This little book is already in progress, and will be dictated by the personal experience of the Author. Here I subjoin the title page, Preface, Advertisement, &c.

A MANUAL
Containing a short and suitable directions for
the culture of the
MULBERRY TREE,
The producing, Reeling, Twisting, Cleansing,
and Dying of Silk.
By JOHN DILLINGHAM,
OF TURNER, MAINE.
Published for the benefit of the Union, but more
especially for the State of Maine.

PREFACE.

This little Book is designed for the benefit of those who have not had experience in the culture of the mulberry tree, the rearing of the silk worms, &c.—

I offer it the more cheerfully, having had several years of experience in the silk culture, and having read many authors upon the subject, and feeling myself somewhat capable of detecting the errors—the whims and useless ceremonies, which are so often met with in the works of many authors upon this subject.

I shall therefore omit in this little work all useless and perplexing modes, and confine myself to the most essential points, dictated by personal experience.

TO THE CULTURIST.

The first and most essential point to be observed is the different species of the mulberry tree, let this be judiciously decided and the best species obtained, and the after progress is easy and sure.

But if people will be content, and receive anything bearing the name of mulberry, it is not difficult to foretell their success in the silk culture.

And here let me tender my opinion that the *Morus Exclusa*, is by far the most valuable mulberry, for this northern climate that has ever fell under my observation. I have about 4000 of this valuable tree now on my plantation in Turner, and am not sensible of having lost one tree by the severity of our trying winters. It is peculiarly adapted to this climate and is capable of withstanding the rigor of a cold climate vastly better than other mulberries. The branches harder more speedily, as they shoot out and become wood. Its leaf is not so large as that of the *Multicaulis*, but it is thicker, of a finer texture, and there are double the number on the stock. On a given quantity of ground, the *Exclusa* would produce more food for the worms, and more silk than the *Morus Multicaulis*. Another thing in its favor, the leaves of the *Multicaulis* are pendulous and flimsy that they are beaten about by the wind, which not unfrequently fractures the surface, causing the sap to ooze out, and the leaves to blight. The leaf of the *Exclusa* is not subject to injury in this way. Besides, the *Exclusa* can be propagated from seeds, from cuttings, splic'd roots, by grafting, budding, and by dividing the trees, &c.

I should like to obtain the opinion of the Editor and others upon the expediency of publishing the before mentioned work. J. DILLINGHAM.

NOTE.—Go ahead and publish it. Don't "put your light under a bushel." ED.

Speech of Mr. Foster,
of Winthrop, delivered in the House of Representatives, on the bill for the encouragement of Agriculture.

MR. SPEAKER; I regret that so much opposition should be manifested, the moment the subject of Agriculture is introduced into this Hall. I regret that any member of this House, should be so blinded to the true interests of the State, as to condemn, without examination, every measure—every bill and resolve, which by its title purports to have reference to Agriculture. This is done by members upon this floor, under the pretence of economy. Not a man "under pretty good subjection and at eighteen" the world is all before him," having by letters patent purchased his freedom, and proclamation of the fact is made in some one of the public prints of the day, so that he is now "on hand" ready to do the business up in regular shape and walk into the sciences like a duck to a dough dish, and test the effect of an education which permitted him to mouse over the fields at pleasure, returning perhaps at twilight with a woodchuck or a rooster under his arm. This is not the way and manner boys were raised in old Massachusetts. There twenty one years suffice to complete the term of their pilgrimage at the homestead, a bean porridge fare, woolen shirts, pepper and salt frocks with trousers to match, *method in business*, were what those strong men were accustomed to, who once graced Bunker Hill. These few remarks you will perceive are crude and desultory, they are made partly with the view that you will point out some remedy for the evils arising from faithless labor; for one I can see none, unless it be a reform in domestic or home education, or in time which will set the scions of population—overshadow the land with a forest of people, and create as it inevitably will, greater distinctions in society.

HENRY BUTMAN.

Dixmont, March 28, 1842.

If the benefits resulting from efficient aid to agriculture, were confined to those engaged in it, and were to have an effect only to create amongst them, new and increased interest in their pursuit, and bring within their reach knowledge, which should enable them to carry on their operations more successfully, the subject might well claim the attention

of the Legislature, and of every citizen of the State. But its benefits are not confined within these limits, however promising they are. They extend to every department, to every occupation to every individual in the community, be he what he may. Any measure which has an effect to increase agricultural production increases the means of comfort and happiness of the whole people. It is presumed that no words need be multiplied, no argument need be used to show, that to increase the wealth of a country, the products of labor must be increased. Labor is the only element of wealth. I know that some have added to this, *land and capital*; but there is not propriety in the classification. Land is of no value without labor, and capital is but the accumulated results of labor. The man, who lives on the rent of his houses, or on the interest of his money, lives on labor that has been performed. Every measure—every acquisition of knowledge, which tends to increase the products of well directed labor, increases in the same degree, the wealth of the country.

From what I have heard on this floor upon other subjects, and upon a similar subject in a former Legislature, I am able in some degree to anticipate the arguments against the passage of this bill. The same argument will be made against the passage of the bill, that the gentleman from St. George made against printing it, "The State is in debt, the Treasury is embarrassed; the Country is poor." This is the very argument which I wish to use in favor of the bill. It is a measure designed to increase production—to increase the means of paying debts.

It is said that if we were out of debt, and had a full treasury, then it would be good policy to do something to encourage productive industry; then the government could afford liberal patronage to Agricultural Societies, make Agricultural Surveyors, and do many things for internal improvement. But Sir, if under such circumstances, it would be expedient to make appropriations for these purposes, it is doubly so now. If we were out of debt, and the country flourishing and prosperous, there would be a propriety in saying, "Let well enough alone." This is not the case, nor will it ever be till that which is not well enough be made better—till we produce more, and import less. Should the attempt be made to raise, by taxation, a sufficient sum of money to pay off the State debt in a few years, without some measures being taken to increase the productions of the country, it would only add to the burden which they are not able to bear.

Look at the idea of the State of Maine paying \$2,000,000 a year for the single article of breadstuff, an equal, or even greater sum for the various articles of manufacture, and talk about a tax of \$500,000 in addition to these sums. With a tax of this amount, it would take six or seven years to pay the debt; for we must raise \$200,000 annually to defray the ordinary expenses of the government, and pay the interest on the loan. If means are to be provided for the extinguishment of the debt, wisdom, sound policy dictates that such a course of legislation be adopted, as shall stop this drain of money from the country, that something be left at home, to replenish the Treasury. This can only be done by producing at home, the articles, for which we now send abroad. Can there be any question as to the comparative cheapness and economy of producing, and of sending abroad for the articles of our daily use and consumption; and which our soil and climate, location and advantages so eminently qualify us to produce within our own borders?

This question, bearing as it does upon the productions of the country, is of more importance to the State than any which has been before this body at the present session, notwithstanding the opinion of the gentleman from St. George, that the House ought not to entertain it for a moment. Suppose, that to stop this drain of \$2,000,000 a year for breadstuff, it should cost the Treasury for a few years, a sum equal to the expense of four or five days useless discussion, upon some of the unimportant subjects which have engrossed the time of the House during this session. It is believed that a sum equal to this would be ample sufficient, if judiciously applied to bring about such a result. It is no more than that which is asked by the bill upon the table. But we are told by the gentleman who has the first and the last word upon every subject in this body, that the legislature has done enough for Agriculture.

What, it may be asked has this Legislature done for the encouragement of Agriculture? What have former Legislatures done? To be sure, the State has paid to the Agricultural Societies, a sum averaging a trifl more than six hundred dollars a year, for the last ten years. This, the gentleman calls doing enough for Agriculture, that interest which is in amount and importance above all other interests of the State. A sum less in amount than one day's expense of this Legislature, is the only encouragement which the State affords—the principle source of her revenues; and yet we are told that a proposition for further encouragement should not be entertained for a moment, and that to one who professes to be a friend to Agriculture.

Another of the arguments to be met is that of "practical legislation." It is on this ground that the gentleman from Trenton is opposed to all bounties for the encouragement or protection of anything. He is opposed to allowing the people of Piscataquis and Aroostook, bounties for the destruction of wolves and bears, because his constituents in Hancock have no wolves and bears to kill; and that the *spirit of the age* will overcome the evil. Light is being shed abroad among the farmers, and the time is at hand when they demand the right to be heard in the public councils. It is impossible in a free land that the great portion of the people devoted to the cultivation of the soil should remain contented to be used only as tax-payers. It is impossible where the ballot box is in the hands of farmers who pay so large a portion of the revenue, that they should fail to call their servants to account for their neglect of the interests of their masters.

I shall say but little more on this subject. The bill has been printed, and is in the hands of the members. It embraces subjects upon which the farmers need information, and information too, which cannot be brought home to them generally with out legislative aid in this, or some other form. I wish action to be final on this bill. I am opposed to its reference to the next Legislature. Let it be passed, or indefinitely postponed. Let the agriculturists understand whether they are to expect any thing at the hands of the legislature or not. Their claims have been tried with long enough. Year after year their petitions have been referred to the next legislature. It is time to have decisive action.

Winthrop, March 23d, 1842.

Messrs Editors: I have long been promising myself and others, a visit to this beautiful village, and if my friends are as happy in seeing me, as I am in being here, the pleasure of my tarry will more than equal my previous pleasant anticipation. I came out on Monday, in an iron wagon, with Richard's fleet horses, and he gave me work enough to do, and I was soon on my way, and at the same time, officially spattered me with mud. I saw enough by the way to convince me that I was travelling over, what in summer must be a singularly pleasant road.—The neat and spacious farm houses, and the ample barns convinced me of what I was already assured, by previous intelligence, that the Winthrop farmers rank among the most thrifty independent and intelligent of their class. The village of Winthrop is delightfully situated at the very point where two fine and capacious ponds of water, of several miles in extent intersect each other. The ponds seem to me shaped like an hour glass, and the settlement is made just in that point where the swelled globes join together. The stream of Time, which with ceaseless course is perpetually pouring its tributaries from the upper into the lower pond, carries on its bosom the industrial pursuits of Time's children. There upon it's large and well constructed Cotton Manufactury, which when in full operation, carries some two thousand spindles. This factory was erected in 1813, at a time when cotton manufactures other than domestic were little known in New England. It has repeatedly changed owners, to most of whom, it has never yielded unusual interest, but has proved rather a sinking fund of investments. It now promises better things, and begins to yield the desired return. The Cloth manufactured is of a good substance and good

They have also constructed a bee hive which effectively prevents the ravages of the Bee Moth, and saves the Bees from the depredation and destruction of an enemy, which destroys them, and annihilates their substance. The Hive is made in such a manner that it receives and heats the moth. It entices this natural enemy of the Bee into an apartment below, and separated by a fine net work, from the Bees and their actual operations. The moth, with murder in its heart goes in and lays its eggs, its wicked deposite of its second self, greatly multiplied and having disengaged its body of its sanguinary burden, returns as if relieved of its load of evil, to spend its little hour in the sunshine and die. The Eggs here are easily discovered, and brushed out of their place of deposit; and destroyed before they can pip and burst their shell. Should the maggot, the destroying worm, even exude from it into life, it cannot pierce the fine net work above it, and the store house of the Bees, and soon perishes of hunger.

This cheating the corrupting moth, is a trick worthy of Yankee ingenuity, and should moralists doubt the morality of such a deception, I venture to say the bee owners will regard it with favor, though it seems like "doing evil that good may come;" it is in fact a fair business transaction, applied to cures and proves the purpose of thieves and miscreants.

The Brothers Pitts, to my regret, are absent, settling the rights of their several machines in the Middle States. If disposed, they are enabled as the result of their ingenuity, to acquire vast wealth. I am told however, as is the case with most men of surpassing genius, of whatever kind, that they take more pleasure and pride in gratifying their taste, by such an exercise of mechanical skill, as will confer lasting benefits upon the community, and living honor upon themselves, than in acquiring lucre for its own sake. They are infected with a laudable ambition of securing their own happiness by doing good to their kind, and the possession of such a generous disposition innate happiness, which no degree of mere worldly prosperity can add to, and no shock of misfortune can take away. The last wreath of the conqueror will pale, and the golden hoards of Croesus fall in comparison with the gains of pleasure which result from the commission of such good, to the every-day working-world.

I am happy to find him, and have spent a portion of my time very pleasantly with an old friend and school mate, who with his interesting family resides upon a farm, that is valuable for the quality and productiveness of its soil, and delightful from its location. My friend formerly lived at the Bar Mills Village in Buxton, and tried his fortunes in the hazards of the timber trade. After having by labor, and dealing in lumber, acquired a little fortune, he removed to Kendall's Mills, in Fairfield, on the Kennebec River, and his habits of economy enabled him to make still further addition to his store of worldly accumulation. He sold out all his interest in mills and floating timber during the speculation era, and instead of madly investing the proceeds in wild lands, or fancy lots, as was then the rage, he wisely purchased the delightful farm on which he now lives in this village, and by his industry and economy already ranks with the farms of independent farmers in Winthrop. He informs me that he raises annually three hundred bushels of corn, and potatoes, and wheat, and other products fitting for the soil in this region, in great abundance. His hay disposes of at good prices, keeping enough for the consumption of his own stock, at the same time turning a prime beef ox or cow into the market. His farm consists of about eighty acres of the best soil, and is well divided into due proportions of wood and tillage. I do not know when I have spent a pleasanter evening hour, than I passed in listening to my friend, as he recounted by his own cheerful fireside, and in the midst of his own agreeable family, the interesting incidents of his industrious life; and happy for him and those who were connected with him by the nearest of earthly ties, his economical, honest and virtuous industry, has been well rewarded in health, cheer and prosperity. I was gratified to see that he still retained a due measure of affection, and inquired with ready interest for the health and prosperity of all the friends he had left behind on Saco River. I should have been happy in assuring him that I was blessed with a number of my own prosperity. It is true of many, but least of all, many others, for whom the sun of fortune shines no longer, but is obscured by a most disastrous eclipse. Like a true patriot my old school mate, stands up for Saco River, and defends his birth-place with an honest sincerity, which proves him worthy of the place of his present abode. His farm skirts, and is bounded for a considerable distance by the upper pond, which greatly adds to its worth and its attraction.

The Maine Farmer and Mechanic's Advocate, Edited by Doc. E. Holmes, is published in this village, and I am happy to say, since its enlargement, is beginning to yield its able and indefatigable Editor, something like a support. I have so lately spoken of, and recommended this Journal to the notice and support of the Farmers and Mechanics of Maine, through the columns of the Argus, that I feel it unnecessary to trouble you with the same. I will repeat its praises, suffice to say that it is equalled by few and exceeded by none of the numerous Agricultural and Mechanic Journals in this country for talent and ability with which it is conducted. Its editor is a mirror of valuable thoughts.

"His is the sterling bullion, well refined,

"Right from the rich exchequer of the mind." Would that his coined brain could transmute itself in its course through the columns of his paper to the public, into coined dollars, and so return to fill his pocket and encourage and bless his future labors.

The Washingtonians of Winthrop, had a meeting last night, (Tuesday the 22d inst.) for my benefit. I poorly requited the favor by giving them a stump speech on Temperance, for an hour's space, perhaps more, for I took no note of time, but was all the time noting the faces of the pretty girls who thronged the pews before me. Indeed, I talked longer than usual, for the sake of saying them, the legitimate privilege of a speaker. I was not ever happy, and does not feel compelled to blush or turn away, with bashfulness, if eyed by them in turn. This privilege I enjoyed, I doubt not, quite to the limit, if I did not thereby trespass on the kind indulgence of my numerous audience. They could not be better pleased with hearing than I was with seeing. I hope we shall enjoy, what I truly hope was a mutual pleasure, that of seeing and hearing each other again. I did not do all the talking, for I was preceded by the Rev. Mr. Thurston, and by Doctor Holmes, who introduced me to the assembly.

During my brief stay in Winthrop, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by numerous of its pleasant and intelligent people, and only regret that I cannot avail myself of their proffered hospitalities. Indeed to accept all the polite invitations I have received, I should be pleasantly compelled to tarry here for some time and appropriate myself in *per capita* division among the residents of this village. I fear they would tire me out with the induction and would not readily ask, but would reprobate another such distribution.

After two days pleasant sojourn I shall return this afternoon to Augusta. Let me in conclusion, commend to travellers the stage Hotel kept by Mr. MORRILL. They will find a good house, a pleasant and attentive Landlord, a well spread board and a room furnished with the choicest of liquors, good water.

I have other notes to make of my visit, but this letter is already too long, and I reserve them till another leisure period. Yours truly, SALATHIEL. Eastern Argus.

NOTE.—Thank ye, Mister Salathiel. We are all of us a head and shoulders taller than we were before you gave us such a stuffing. We have grown so big in "these diggings" that we begin to think of choosing a Mayor.—E.

MR. EDITOR:—Please to inform one, less informed than you are, what can be done, or what will be the issue where a State is millions in debt more than the people are, or ever will be (as the interests going on) able to pay? I take this not to be a political question; I do hope therefore you will answer it. Maine I hope is not yet in such a predicament, but we are so much in debt that it appears to me all we are interested in the question, it name it for all to consider upon. Some of our sister States no doubt are in this unhappy situation. A CITIZEN.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

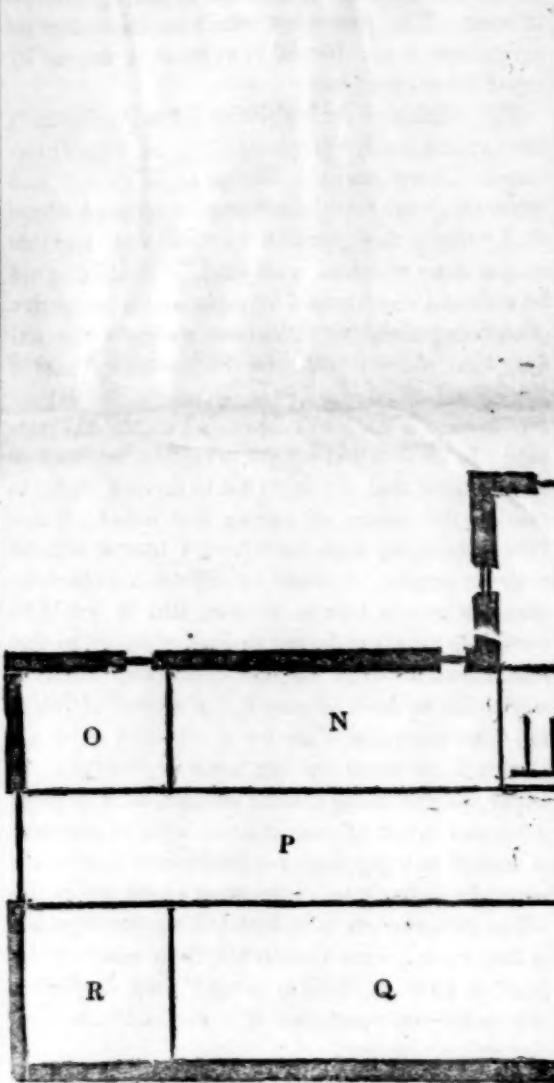
An intelligent class esc scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everet.

Plan of Farm Buildings.

The following plan has been handed to us by N. Hanson Esq., of Winthrop. It combines many conveniences, and we think is a very good one. The elevation is to be similar to the one given in No. 9.

The House is 36 by 25 and a porch or kitchen projects behind, 14 feet.

Scale 20 feet to the inch.



The Tariff.

MR. HOLMES:—In a late number of your paper, I noticed some remarks of yours upon the subject of a "judicious tariff," and I noticed also that you were willing to open your columns to a discussion of this question. I presume that while writing on agriculture or whatever other subjects, you wish your correspondents to studiously avoid "party politics," I have a strong desire to give some sharp touches on the tariff and some other subjects connected with political economy, but in the commencement of this task I was staggered as to the mode of beginning; I turned to the dictionary, and found, as I thought, the definition of the word tariff, but what then? Merely learning the definition of a word does not enable one to write a good discourse upon the same; although I confess that gaining precise ideas of the terms we place at the head of our communications adds to its worth and its attraction.

Rumford, March 1842. T. PHELPS.

Our friend Phelps is as yet, rather noncommittal in regard to the tariff question. He seems to be puzzled by the terms applied to a tariff. We can tell him what we mean by a "judicious tariff." Such a tariff will put our manufacturers, mechanics and farmers on an equal footing with those of other nations. For instance. If the English manufacturer, by getting his labor for ten cents a day, can manufacture a yard of cotton cloth so as to send it here and sell it for six cents—and our manufacturers have to give 50 cents a day for labor, and consequently cannot sell their cloth of the same quality less than ten cents a yard, we would have a duty or tariff, put upon the English cloth, of four cents per yard—that would bring it up to ten cents. Perhaps to meet all contingencies it should be little higher. We are not in favor of prohibitory duties, nor excessively high duties. This would plunge every body into manufactures, and over do the business. It has been well observed that the Yankees need a curb rather than a spur; but they ought to have fair play among the other nations. Our correspondent seems willing to leave it all to the wisdom of Congress. We have no great confidence in their wisdom. Let the people speak out and demand what they wish. Demand is the word. We have small opinion of that man, who will hire a servant, and then supplicate him to do what needs be done.

A. parlour 14 feet square.
B. Entry and stairs 8 feet wide.
C. Setting room 14 feet square.
D. Bedroom 10 feet square, with a closet.
E. Kitchen 14 feet square with closet in one corner.
F. Bedroom 10 by 10.
G. Pantry.
H. Piazza or stoop.
I. Front piazza.
J. Woodhouse 17 by 20.
The barn is 60 by 40 with basement story.
M. Stable for horses.
N. Tieup or leanto for cattle.
O. Datto for oxen.
P. Barn floor 12 by 60.
Q. Bay mow.
R. Sheep pen.

Scale 20 feet to the inch.

Such an enormous quantity as is thus poured out, is only prevented from inundating the vicinity by means of a street which has been converted into an aqueduct and carries off the out gushing flood into a neighboring river. I was, as might be expected, rich and of course unfit for use. But this has ceased to be the case, and it has become clear and is of excellent quality. The whole expense—which we must confess seems altogether disproportionate to the magnitude of the undertaking—was 170,000 francs, or less than \$30,000 dollars! For this comparatively trifling sum the city of Paris,—nation we might almost say,—had secured an inexhaustible supply of that well known (getting to be better)—and universally esteemed beverage, Adam's ale; and not only this but it is of the very best quality.—*Old Colony Memorial.*

Men must Work Together.

BY JOHN NEAL.

If ever man lived in the world, and with the world, it was Michael Angelo Buonarotti. Notwithstanding his prodigious power, and his unsociable temper, you find him always at work, with men, among men, and for men; and always, whether laboring as a painter or as an architect, as a poet or as a sculptor, as a swordsman, as an engineer, as the superintendent of a marble quarry, or as a familiar lecturer before the academy, always manifesting a profound acquaintance with, and a profound sympathy and veneration for, Human Nature. Did he withdraw from the world, and shut himself up when preparing for the mighty works which he has left behind him?—Did he hold himself aloof, as men are now urged to do, under the penalty of nothingness, from all companionship with the multitude? Not he! Being a man, there could pass no man through his workshop, out of whom something might not be had, smacking of immortality, and worth treasuring up for after-transmutation.

And as for the steam-engine and the safety-lamp, what is the true history of both, but so much clear and unquestionable proof, that "It is not good for man to be alone," even at his work-bench, or his laboratory? For though it be true enough that when Watt first hit upon a separate condenser for the steam-engine, the whole machine started up before him, piece by piece, and shaped itself, as by a sort of self-arranging power, in a single day—yet we are to bear in mind, that James Watt was already a mathematical-instrument maker, with so much of a turn for general mechanics, as to have been employed not long before, upon a working model of Newcomen's steam-engine. But for all this preparation, would he have been able to "cipher out, what he did in a single day?" As well might he hope to create a thing of life by a combination of levers and pulleys; or to whistle a new world into being. And when, long after this, he thought of connecting the motion of the piston with that of the beam, one of the most beautiful adaptations of mathematical truth to the wants of man, to be found in the whole history of mechanics—although he foresaw and foretold the result before he had verified his faith by experiment, would he ever have found out a solution of the problem, had he not known where to look for it?—in other words, but for his familiar acquaintance with the daily progress of improvement in the steam-engine, would he ever have known what was wanted for its perfection? or, having found it, would he ever have known how to make use of it?

And so with Fulton himself. However true it may be, that Fulton, after satisfying himself that the relation which the power of the engine bore to the velocity of the wheels, and the resistance of the water to the motion of the vessel, had never been properly inquiries into and that there lay the whole secret of steam navigation; and however true it may be, that he sat down at a table and made his calculations to build a boat and propel her at the rate of four miles an hour, which boat, when she was built, and launched, and put in motion, did proceed at the rate of just four miles an hour—and neither more nor less—thereby confirming all his predictions, and appearing to establish the truth of all that can be said in favor of solitary meditation, and heroic self-dependence, where the mind is in labor:—Still it must be remembered that he had Livingston at his elbow; that he was in communication with Stephens, his former partner, whose boat appeared upon the waters of the Hudson but a few days later, moored with equal swiftness, and was, in fact, the first steamboat that ever navigated the ocean; and that he had the advantage of all the experiments published by the Society of Arts, and as he himself acknowledged, at the time, founded all his calculations upon those very experiments.

And so with Sir Humphrey Davy—a man who lived and died in the very whirl of society—nay, in the very whirl of that which is called with no little bitterness, fashionable society: For however true it may be—and who is there to question its truth now?—that on being furnished with samples of the fire-damp from the mines—the carburetted hydrogen gas which had been fatal to thousands, and now threatened to stop the working of large districts of coal—he went straightway to his laboratory and there "studied out" a lamp which might be carried with perfect safety into those terrible regions; not only burning without explosion, just so long as the atmosphere was capable of supporting animal life—but, with its little coil of glowing platinum wire, contributing to furnish a light for the terrified miner to escape by, long after the lamp itself was extinguished—still, it cannot be denied, that the materials of that lamp, if not the image thereof, was in the mind of that philosopher, when he withdrew from the great world to his laboratory. He had only to put them together. Having satisfied himself, by his knowledge of chemistry, that the fire-damp would not explode without a mixture of between six and fourteen times its bulk of common air; and that the materials of that lamp, if not the image thereof, was in the mind of that philosopher, when he withdrew from the great world to his laboratory. He had only to put them together. Having satisfied himself, by his knowledge of chemistry, that the fire-damp would not explode without a mixture of between six and fourteen times its bulk of common air; and that the materials of that lamp, if not the image thereof, was in the mind of that philosopher, when he withdrew from the great world to his laboratory. He had only to put them together. 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GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

TOWN MEETING.—The annual meeting for the choice of Town Officers was held in this town, on Monday last, when the following persons were elected:—

G. A. Benson, *Moderator*
Edward Mitchell, *Town Clerk*
John Fairbanks, *Selectmen, Assessors*
Thomas C. Wood, *and Overseers of the Poor*
Francis Fuller, *Treasurer*
Samuel Clark, *Town Agent*
Samuel P. Benson, *Constable & Collector*
Cyrus Bishop, *Superintending School Committee*
Rev. David Thurston, *Franklin Merriam,*

CLASS 6.—STEAM AND GAS ENGINES.
In Boilers, steam, ascertaining the pressure of steam,
George Bradley Paterson, N. J.
In Boilers, steam and evaporator, on Marvin & Sely's improvement, patented August 28, 1840,
Oran W. Seely New York

In Boilers, steam, caldron, and furnace, combined,
Lansing E. Hopkins New York

In Boilers, steam, supplying water, apparatus
for Ethan Campbell New York

In Condensers of steam engines, and apparatus for
supplying the boilers with water, Joseph Echols

Columbus, Ga.

In Piston rods of steam engines, &c., John R. St.

John Cleveland, Ohio

In Spark arresters, Richard French Philadelphia, Pa.

In Spark arresters, Leonard Phlegar Philadelphia, Pa., assignee of Wm. H. Hubbell Moymensing, Pa.

In Spark arresters, Leonard Phlegar Philadelphia, Pa., assignee of Wm. H. Hubbell Moymensing, Pa.

In Steam engine, William Whitham Huddersfield, Eng.

In Steam engine, &c., governor or regulator of, Louis Linet Kingdom of France, (residing in Paris, g. Pa.)

In Steam engine, locomotive, distributing sand, &c., to produce adhesion of driving-wheels, Elisha Tolles New York

In Steam engine, locomotive, increasing adhesion of driving-wheel of, Jordan L. Mott New York

In Steam engine, locomotive, propelling by stationary power, John A. Etzler Philadelphia, Pa.

In Steam engine, locomotive, for railroads, Henry Waterman Hudson, N. Y.

In Steam Engine, low-pressure, &c., Charles W. Copeland New York

In Steam engine, regulating the pressure of steam, Francis R. Torbet Paterson, N. J.

In Steam engine, repeating expansive engine, James Post New York

In Steam engine, rotary, Jesse Tuttle Boston, Mass.

In Steam engine, rotary, James Jamieson Cordis Citizen of the U. States and Edward Locke Newport, England

In Steam engine, rotary, Isaac N. Whittlesey Vincennes, Ind.

In Steam engine, rotary, Herman Smith Sunbury, O. I.

In Steam engine, rotary, J. A. Stewart Cross Plains, Tenn.

In Steam generating, combined cooking oven and boiler, Reuben McMillen Middlebury, O.

In Valve of steam engines, cut off, Horatio Allen New York

In Valve of steam engines, operating, John Wilder New York

In Valve of steam engines, throttle, William Garrison Providence, R. I.

In Valve of steam engines, working when the steam is cut off, &c., Robert L. Stevens and Francis B. Stevens New York

(To be continued.)

Brilliant Whitewash.

Many have heard of the brilliant stucco whitewash, on the east side of the President's house at Washington. The following is a receipt for making it, with some additional improvements learned by experiment:

Take half a bushel of nice, unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process, to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whitening; and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire, in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days, covered from the dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose, it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint, for wood, brick, or stone, and cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like. Spanish-brown stirred in will make red or pink, more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with the Spanish brown, before it is stirred into the mixture, makes a lilac color. Lamp-black in moderate quantities makes a slate color, very suitable for the outside of buildings. Lamb-black and spanish brown mixed together produce a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes a yellow wash; but chrome goes farther, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases, the darkness of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of coloring matter used. It is difficult to make a rule, because tastes are very different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle, and let it dry. I have been told that green must not be mixed with lime. The lime destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash, which makes it crack and peel.

When walls have been badly smoked, and you wish to have them a clean white, it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a bag into the water you use before it is stirred in the whole mixture.

L. M. CHILD.

Anti-Slavery Standard.

Another Receipt for Whitewash!—We find the following in Miss Beecher's "Domestic Economy." It is cheaper than the first; and the writer testifies that "it has been known to succeed in a variety of cases. Insisting as long and looking as well as white oil paint."

RECEIPT. Make whitewash in the usual

way, except that the water used should have two double handfuls of salt dissolved in each handful of the hot water used. Then stir in a double-handful of very fine clean sand, to make it thick, like cream. Better to be put on hot. Coloring matter can be added as you like. May be used either for the inside or outside of buildings.—*Eastern Farmer and Journal of News.*

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

SATURDAY, March 26.—The Senate did not sit. In the House, the Loan bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, the amendment of Mr. Wise making it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury whenever the stock depreciates below par, to purchase the same.

Mr. Wise continued from Friday his remarks, and spoke from half past 12 till 8 o'clock, in reply to Messrs. Fillmore and Marshall, in advocating the repeal of the Distribution Act, and on various other topics—in the course of his remarks expressing his hostility to Mr. Clay, and declaring that the Manifesto clique, who were but a baker's dozen, having commenced the war in the Whig party, ought now to stand up like man, and meet its consequences.

Messrs. Andrews, Sellers, and Bois, severally rose and expressed their entire concurrence in that measure.

Mr. Wise concluded amid much excitement in the hall.

Mr. Gentry obtained the floor, for which there were many contestants, among whom was Mr. Raynor, who said Mr. Wise had made a personal attack upon him and eleven others, and having declared war, he should have it to the knife.

Mr. R. being unsuccessful in his attempt to obtain the floor, moved to reconsider the resolution terminating the debate on Wednesday.

Mr. Morgan moved to suspend the rules for the introduction of the one hour rule.

Both these questions, by adjournment, were postponed till Monday.

MONDAY, March 28.—In the Senate, the resolution of Mr. Preston, offered some time ago, relating to the distress of the country, was called up. It proposes that relief by means of a loan shall be obtained immediately, let the sacrifice be what it may. A long debate arose, which continued the whole day.

In the House, the unfinished business was the resolution of Mr. Morgan, proposing to establish the one hour rule. He moved to amend it by adding that the clerks should call each member alphabetically, so that all might have a chance. By the consent of Mr. Morgan, the further consideration of the resolution was postponed till to-morrow morning.

On motion of Mr. Fillmore, the Loan bill was again taken up in committee of the whole. The question pending was on the amendment of Mr. Wise, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase the stock whenever it might fall below par.

Mr. Gentry having the floor, made a long speech in reply to the remarks of Mr. Wise on Saturday, and in defense of the Whig party.

Mr. Raynor followed on the same side, and allotted with some warmth to the existing differences between the President and the Whig party.—He then commenced an elaborate defense of Mr. Clay, and denied that he had ever attempted to dictate to the White party.

In the Senate on Tuesday, March 29, Mr. Tappon introduced an Apportionment Bill. The resolution of Mr. King, calling on the President for information relative to the state of negotiations between the U. States Government and Mexico, was adopted. Mr. Clay's resolutions were then taken up, and Mr. Wright withdrew his amendments, stating that they were embraced by the amendments offered by Mr. Rives, which, it will be re-collected, propose to strike out the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th resolutions, (relative to the rate of duty, the necessary amount to be raised, the Distribution Act, &c.) and insert a provision for the suspension of the Distribution Act, and adherence to the Compromise. This subject was debated for some time, when the Senate went into Executive Session.

In the House, the Loan Bill was under discussion. A message was sent on the 25th of February, by the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, to the Secretary of the Treasury, requesting of him certain information, which he neglected to furnish the same. The bill was passed in the House.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be required to communicate to this House the plans, views, information, and matters called for in the letter above mentioned from the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

WASHINGTON CELEBRATION OF THE 5TH OF APRIL.—The Washingtonians of Winthrop assembled on the evening of the 5th inst. It being just a year since the five drummers in a stable, in Baltimore, resolved, not only to get out of the gutter themselves, but to do all in their power to help others out, and prevent others from getting in. How well their endeavors have been blessed, millions of now happy human beings can testify. They were addressed by Mr. B. Murray, of Turner, a gentleman of talents, but who once came near hiding them in something worse than a "napkin." He gave a very ingenious, able address, full of good solid sense, and at times very eloquent. We could not help thinking, as we listened to it, how the Washingtonian operations burnished up the gold that had become dim by the crust and corrosion of Intemperance—and how many pearls and gems of the first water have been developed among what was in fact mere rubbish before.

The following beautiful poetry was recited by the speaker in a happy and feeling manner. We are indebted to a friend for a copy of it. It is by Mr. Murray, and the true Washingtonian will know from his own experience how well the dangers of that sea are told, and with what truth the poet has depicted the scenes that occur to all who embark upon its fearful waters.

Mr. Murray will lecture again at the Universalist House on the 23d inst. at 2 o'clock P. M.

THE DRUNKARD'S SEA.

BY B. B. MURRAY.

There is no safety on that sea—
There storm arise and tempests sweep:
From peril, then, no barque is free—
There millions plunge beneath the deep.

There is no safety on that sea—
Ten thousand tides meet there in foam;
And 'tis a frightful thing to see
Poor straggling sails, those billows roar.

There is no safety on that sea—
No skill may all its dangers baffle;

Ahead, astern, windward, alee,
Deep yawns a luckless seaman's grave.

There is no safety on that sea—
Whirlpools and rocks give wild despair;

And 'tis a fearful thing to see
A father wrecked, and sinking there.

There is no safety on that sea—
Dark mist arise in awful gloom;

And 'tis a grievous sight to see
A mother, meeting there, her doom.

There is no safety on that sea—
The needle varies, and misguides;

And 'tis a painful sight to see
A brother plunge beneath its tides.

There is no safety on that sea—
Whirlpools and rocks give wild despair;

And 'tis a painful sight to see
A father wrecked, and sinking there.

There is no safety on that sea—
Dark mist arise in awful gloom;

And 'tis a grievous sight to see
A sister, there, go down in tears.

There is no safety on that sea—
Howe'er inviting it may seem;

Though mirth, and song, and revelry,
May charm—pain breaks the troubled dream.

There is no safety on that sea—
There wily shun its threatening waves;

You may, by putting helm aside,
Escape its hardships and its graves.

There is no safety on that sea—
Howe'er inviting it may seem;

Though mirth, and song, and revelry,
May charm—pain breaks the troubled dream.

There is no safety on that sea—
Each tempest barques proudly by;

And 'tis a glorious sight to see
Her ensign wave, in triumph high!

There is no safety on that sea—
Each tempest barques proudly by;

And 'tis a glorious sight to see
Her ensign wave, in triumph high!

There is no safety on that sea—
Each tempest barques proudly by;

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Each tempest barques proudly by;

And 'tis a glorious sight to see
Her ensign wave, in triumph high!

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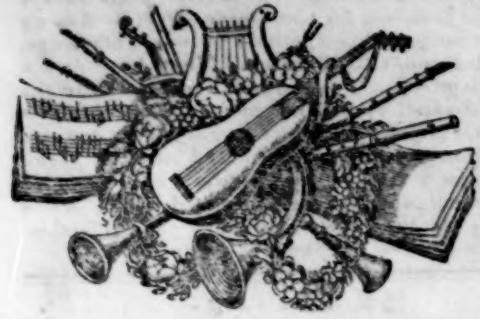
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POETRY.

Original.

ON TAKING CARE OF WOODLAND.
The great first cause both wise and good
Created coal, created wood,
That they upon the earth should grow
For the free use of man below;—
Since clouds so oft deform our skies
And wintry storms so often rise,
How could his love be better shown
Than by giving wherewith to burn?
To make the lurid fire brightly glow.
When thick around us falls the snow?
Wood is a gift from God above,
A precious token of his love,
And who ungrateful will despise
Or refuse to guard it as a prize?
Can he be either great or good
Who wastes so fine a thing as wood?
Who with a coarse and clownish hand
Strives from it, to free the land,
Who with a blind and eager haste
Strives to make a wretched waste
Of all this God provided store,
Which future sufferers must deplore,
So short sighted, as just to see
How they may level every tree,
Ummindful, for his present gain
Of loss which others must sustain.

SENECA.

Winthrop, March, 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Story of Real Life.

"Father, shan't I be a carpenter when I get old enough?"

"Why, my son?" asked Mr. Hield.

"O, because I should like to be one. Ned Cameron is going to be, and I want to."

"A carpenter!" exclaimed Mrs. Hield, in astonishment; "why Douglass, you must be crazy. No you shall not!"

"Why not, mother?"

"Because it is vulgar, like all other trades; and only fit for poor people's sons."

"But, mother, Ned Cameron's parents are not poor, and they are willing for him to be one."

"Oh, Mr and Mrs. Cameron's father were mechanics, and that accounts for their vulgarity of taste."

"Well, mother, I have often heard father say that your grand-father was a mechanic, and—"

"Silence! child. Once for all, I tell you that you shall not be a mechanic. You must either be a doctor or a lawyer, or something else that is genteel."

"Yes, my son," joined in Mr. Hield, "wouldn't you sooner be a doctor, and ride about in your carriage, or a lawyer, and become a distinguished orator, than to be always attending to the shaping out of wood, or the raising of houses?"

"Well, I don't know, father. I should like very much to be a carpenter, but if you think I could not be a gentleman at the same time, why I shall give up the idea."

Mr. and Mrs. Hield, between whom, and their only child, the above conversation took place, were people of moderate fortune, residing in a comfortable mansion in the city of Philadelphia. Like too many others, they had imbibed the senseless opinion—if we may be allowed so to express ourselves—that of the most perfect gentleman was the most vulgar, and that if they wished their son to be a gentleman, he must earn a livelihood, not by his hands, or by his hands and brains, but by his brains alone. It is a curious notion this, that parents have, and yet what is still more curious, when they come to this conclusion, they never concern themselves to know whether or not he possesses enough of the latter article to support him in life. And ninety times out of a hundred, the child has not; though it was not so in the present case, for Douglass Hield, who was now fourteen years of age, gave indications of possessing a quick and powerful intellect. Yes! we say it is a curious notion parents have, that a mechanician cannot be a gentleman.—Why the most perfect gentleman that ever lived on earth, was He who came to die that we might live, and he was a mechanician. Yes! he died on Calvary, deemed it not beneath his dignity to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and he, it is declared in holy writ, was gentleness itself. In his life on earth, he set man a true example of the character of a gentleman, and he who does his best to imitate it be he rich or poor, is owner of the title. Why then, do parents withhold their sons from trades? Why do they sneer at the appellation of mechanician? Is it one to be ashamed of, when He who is greater than all on earth was not? Besides let such parents look upon the history of this, the most enlightened country in the world, and mark upon its pages its greatest men. What were they? The greater majority of them were mechanics and almost all of them have laboured for their support with their hands. Nay, look at the great men of other nations—the truly great—trace their histories back, and you will find the same result. But to our story.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron's conduct was different from the Hields. When their son expressed a wish to become a mechanician, they did not oppose him in that wish, and endeavour to force him into a profession for which he had no inclination.—They were as well to do in the world as the Hields, and could with as much ease, have supported their child through the course of studies requisite for a lawyer, or physician—but they deemed neither more respectable than a trade. Besides, they knew that whatever the young mind is bent upon, that it will pursue with avidity, and raise its owner or at least maintain him in life.

Three years rolled by since the conversation recorded above between the Hield family, during which time Douglass Hield was preparing for college—for he had determined

upon becoming a lawyer—and Edward Cameron was receiving an education suitable for making him a learned and distinguished mechanician. At the expiration of that time, the former took his departure for one of the learned institutions of our country, and the latter became apprenticed to one of the best carpenters of Philadelphia.

* * * * *

Six years have passed since the period at which our story commenced.

In the parlour of a plain, though comfortably furnished house, in a pleasant part of the city, sat two beings, both young and half-gentleman and lady. The former possessed a high and lofty brow that told of intellect and intelligence; a fine contour of features, and a somewhat slight, yet manly form. We have said he was young, yet in his countenance there seemed to dwell a slight shade of care and melancholy. Whilst conversing with the lady his dark hazel eyes beamed with sparkling brightness, but soon again it would flee, and a troubled, anxious expression take its place.

The lady was a being of loveliness and beauty. Light and fair was her form—exquisite the outline on her features,—and soft and mild, her eyes of Heaven's blue. The hues of the rose and lily were blended upon her cheeks, and the raven's plume wore no darker shade than the curls that clustered around her snowy forehead. Her voice was clear thrilling as the wildwood bird, and when she spoke to him, it seemed to wear a still more watching tone.

For some moments they had sat in silence, his arm encircling her waist, and his eyes bent affectionately upon her. At length he spoke as if continuing a conversation.

"Yes, Marian, I long for the day when I may call you my own—my own dear wife; but I fear it must be long hence."

"Why, Douglass? why do you talk thus?

"My mother would not withhold her consent, for she loves you as a mother does her son, I know it—I know it. 'Tis not that, Marian. I am too poor!"

"Poor! then I will share your poverty,"

"No, no, talk not of it," said he with emotion; "I could not dare subject you to it. Besides, I swore, when first I started in life, that never would I call a woman wife until I could give her a worthy home. I love you, Marian, and I would not see you live in poverty—perhaps in want—but I must to my office, he added; 'some lucky God-send may come along.'

"Through the ravings of the pitiless storm, he proceeded on for many squares, at a brisk rate; but as he approached the heart of the city, his gait became more and more feeble, until from cold and intoxication he sank upon the stoop of a large new house in a state of insensibility. For the space of half an hour, or more, he lay there, exposed to the inclemency of the wintry blast. At first, a groan would ever and anon arise from his bosom, but gradually it grew weaker and weaker, until eventually it ceased, and he became as noiseless as the marble wherein his body rested.

At length, through the darkness and gloom that in spite of the street lamps prevailed, two men carrying lanterns, approached the spot where the wretched being lay. The badges they wore upon their hats, and the slow pace at which they walked, showed them to be citizen watchmen, who were going their hourly rounds. They were conversing as they came along but the noise of the storm almost drowned what they uttered.

"God take care of the poor this night!" said one, as they arrived nearly opposite the house.

"Yes, so say I," responded the other; "it's a hard evening."

They pulled their hats closer upon their brows, and were passing on, when a ray of light from one of their lanterns fell upon the stoop, and discovered to them its occupant.

"Good God!" exclaimed the one who had spoken first before; "here's a poor devil, stiff enough. Come, wake up. Are you asleep?" said he, as he shook the inanimate form.

"If he's been lying there long in his cold, he'll not be easily wakened," remarked the other.

"That's a fact, Peter. Poor fellow! what'll we do with him? If he's not dead now, he would be against we'd get him to the watch-house."

"Then he would, S'pose we ring up the people of the house, and have him taken in, so that we can see if there's any life in him yet?"

"Yes, but it seems to be a mighty grand house, and maybe they wouldn't be very ready to trouble themselves for a poor fellow creature."

"He's been lying there long in his cold, he'll not be easily wakened," remarked the other.

"That's a fact, Peter. Poor fellow! what'll we do with him? If he's not dead now, he would be against we'd get him to the watch-house."

Thus he walked on for several squares, when suddenly he was startled by hearing his name pronounced. He looked up. A gentlemanly looking young man with a fine open countenance, stood before him. He immediately recognised him, and stretched forth his hand.

"Ah, Douglass, how are you this evening?" said the other, grasping it; "I have not seen you for several weeks. Why don't you come to see us often? Come, go home with me now, and spend the evening with me—will you?"

"I'd rather not, Ned," said Douglass, hesitatingly.

"Yes, but you must. Come, and he put his arm through that of his friend, and they walked on.

"How is your business, Ned?" said Douglass, as they proceeded.

"It is very brisk at present. I have contracted to put up twenty houses this summer, and I expect to realize a handsome profit. How is it with you?"

"Here's a poor soul, here, Mr. Cameron," said he whom his comrade called Peter, "who's freezing to death on your steps, and we want to know if you'd be kind enough to let us bring him in to the fire, sir?"

"Certainly. Wait a moment, and I will come down and open the door."

Soon after, the door was opened, and our old friend, Edmund Cameron, now the inhabitant and owner of the "grand house," as the watchman called it, appeared in a morning gown and slippers.

"Bring him in, friends," said he to the watchmen, who lifting the stiffened body from the steps, bore it in.

"Follow me," said Cameron, when he had shut the door; and he led the way into the dining-room, where a warm fire was burning in the grate. Wheeling a sofa near it, he bade them lay their burden down, and each spread away for a physician.

At this moment, Mrs. Cameron and a female servant entered, with restoratives—cordials, &c.

They removed some of his ragged habiliments, pulled his boots from his feet, and took his hat from his head. Having done so, they proceeded to use all the means they knew of, to restore him. All their efforts, however, were in vain: no signs of animation cheered their exertions.

At length, almost at the same instant, the two doctors sent for, arrived. They proceeded immediately to operations; all their fertile minds could suggest, they tried. All, however, was useless, and they at last pronounced him beyond the reach of their skill.

During the time they were engaged in trying to restore him, Mr. Cameron had been intently occupied in surveying the features of their patient.

"Now, Douglass, if there is any way in

which I can help you, do not fail to call upon me. If you are in want of money at any time, come to me, and I will lend you what I

can. Do not think this impudent in me; I take the privilege of an old friend, and I speak to you as if you were my brother. Do not let any feelings of false pride hinder you from applying to me in in your need, but come as you would to one of your nearest kin."

"You are kind, Ned—you are a true friend, indeed. But—"

"Your pride will not allow you to accept kindness at my hands. There—those are not perhaps the very words you were going to use, but it is what you meant to say. I tell you throw such feelings aside, and come to me without reverse."

"Perhaps so. Many thanks to you. Good night."

* * * * *

"Tis even so!" responded one of the physicians. "But, Mr. Cameron, you weep for him as if he were a friend."

"He once was, sir, and one whom I dearly loved," answered he. "During your operations, I have been scanning his well known features, and they cannot be mistaken. Yes, he who lies before you, was not always thus degraded. You may have known him too, sir. His name was Douglass Hield."

"I did indeed know Douglass Hield. We passed through college together. But this cannot be him."

"Would it were not true! But that face was too deeply engraven on my memory when we were schoolmates, to be forgotten. It is a painful fact."

"But how came he to this condition?" inquired the doctor. "He studied law, if I recollect aright, and he was intelligent and learned."

"I will tell you how it was," said Mr. Cameron. "He d.d., as you say, study law, and he was indeed intelligent, and a learned and finished scholar. Just before he was admitted to the bar, his parents both died of a fever then prevalent. His father had been thought to have been in good circumstances, and I believe was until within a short time of his death, when by the failure of some speculation in which he was engaged, he lost very nearly his all: so that when he died, his legacy to his son was but scanty. Well, Douglass, as I have said, was admitted to practice. You know, Doctor, the trials of a young professional man—a new beginner in any of them—I dare say, by experience?"

"I do, indeed, sir," responded Dr. S—.

"How day after day, and night after night, he sits in his office idle, praying and hoping that the next hour, or the next day, may bring some employment with it: how that hour or that day passes, and still leaves him as did those that preceded it; how his heart sickens, and he grows almost mad with disappointment, and his bosom fills with despair—and poverty stares him in the face. Well, so it was with him. The little he had from his father soon wasted away, and he was left without a dollar. I offered to lend him some if he were in need, at any time, but his proud spirit would not let him accept it. He loved a lovely girl, and he would have made her his wife, but he was too noble to let her share his poverty. Strang a soul so noble can thus become debased! He struggled on for some time, manfully, but at length one day he was arrested, and thrown into jail for a debt which he had been compelled to contract. I heard of it, and immediately obtained his release. He thanked me warmly for my generosity, but from that day he was lost. His proud spirit had received a fatal stab. He forgot his love, his former respectability, and all, and plunged headlong into destruction. In gambling and drinking, he sought to forget the past, and, oh! Doctor, too surely he forgot the future. For the last year I had heard nothing of him. A few months ago, she whom he dearly loved—but alas! whose heart he broke—was laid in the grave: he will lay beside her in a few days. Poor fellow! what a wreck—a shattered wreck!"

"Reader! our tale is ended, and we have but a little more to say. It is this: we hope you will ponder well upon what we have written. You may say it is an overdrawn picture. We tell you it is not, for it is not only taken from real life, but from real facts. You may also, say that professions are as profitable as trades. We grant it. To those few who are so fortunate as to rise in them, they perhaps are more so; but they are so overstocked, that two-thirds of their members can scarcely obtain a living; whilst all who are masters of a mechanical trade can, if they are sober and industrious, always obtain a comfortable one and more often than in professions, a wealthy independence.

* * * * *

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